

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Aye! there ye shine, and there have shone,
In eonian hour of prime,
Through boundless space and countless time,
Aye! there ye shine, the golden dews
That pave ye realms by seraphs trod;
There, through ye echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Variable spirits bright as ours!
Young Elion's birthday was ye shine,
On all her flowers and fruits when first
Ye sparkled from the hand divine;
Yest' bright as then ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
To hold ye high immortal watch,
And find your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust; yet these years;
Time rots the diamonds, the ye roll,
In primal light as it each star
Endures, and each sustains,
And do they not? See how bright thence
All enlightening spirit own;
Praised then by pure celestial tongues
Eternal, glorious, blest, alone!

Capt' man bat see what we have seen,
Until who the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what his bourn,
The glories how rich; the range how vast?
The birth of time, the rise, the fall
Of empires, nations, ages, flowing
Thrones, cities, tombs, arts, worships; all
The things whose shadows are not gone;

Yess' not Zero date send
His soul into your mystic realm;
See the soaring Sabao hand,
The living hills his mighty frame,
Born in the sun, he became the way,
He worshipped at sun's rising, shining,
And deemed he saw with infant eyes
The godhead, in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of an earthly sire,
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's extract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and flood, and flame,
All nature's fits and fit'st world's woes,
Are none seem to mortals give,
That more divides the soul and sad,
Than you proud heralds of heaven,
Your burning blazonry of God.

DRIFTING AWAY.

With proud exultant step we may tread to the very verge of the future in the journey of life; but we can go no farther; there it becomes lost to us in the realities of the present; we are left to look forward to a new future, while behind us lies the past, from which we are rapidly drifting. Often our hearts grow weary, our eyelids wet with tears, as we pause to look back at the reeling shore, and through the dim distance seem to catch glimpses of the forms we loved in other days—early friends, whose hands we were wont to clasp in fond, familiar greeting, but whom now we meet no more as in the olden time, for on the restless sea of change our bark has drifted far apart. Far more vividly than all come to us visions of the old homestead from whose portals we went forth with brave hearts, to try the realities of the world which lay upon the precincts of our own quiet home. Half impatiently had we looked forward to the time when no longer bound by the restraints of home, we should take our place upon the stage of active life; but often the path has proved a thorny one, our feet have grown weary, and with yearning hearts we have longed for the quiet joys from which we have forever drifted.

No more do we gather an unbroken circle beneath the shelter of the old home tree; loved ones, grown weary with life's burdens, and borne on the river of Death, have drifted away to the unknown shore. It is sometimes sad to feel that we are receding from all that our hearts hold dear. From our childhood years with their innocence—from the sacred ties of home and early association—but more bitter than all, comes to us the knowledge that on the current of worldly pleasure we are floating from the love of our Heavenly Father; that with thoughtless foot we are treading each day nearer the grave, unmindful of what may lie beyond its dark borders.

There are moments when our better natures are awakened within us—when we turn heart-sick and weary from the vanities of the world, and pause to contemplate whether the stream of life is carrying us.—Then it is that we feel the need of a stronger anchor than earth can give to lean upon; and could we but throw off the shackles of sin, and with renewed energy and earnest purpose press forward in the path of duty—aiming to fulfill the mission of which Our Savior has left an example in His Holy Word—our lives would be purer, our influence more ennobling, and we far more happy; that when our eyes grow dim with age, and we await our summons home, there may come to us no regret for the joys from which we have drifted away—but rather golden gleams of the home to which we are hastening.

COULDN'T FOOL HER.

Some ladies and gentlemen were taking a walk near a cemetery, when a ghost appeared. They all ran with the exception of one pretty widow, who stood her ground till the "ghost" got to her. She then went for the spectre, and thrashed out of his disguise a young fellow who merely wanted to frighten the party. Leading her victim back to the house, the widow cried—"Can't fool me—I have seen too many men in sheets, in my time!"

A MODERN girl living near Louisville has a city bear. When he rides out to seethe on a warm afternoon, she calls the "old man" from the field and makes him keep the flies off the fellow's horse.

Read advertisements next column.

B. F. MARTIN**I.S.**

NOW RECEIVING AND OPENING ONE
of the largest, most and most delectable
Stocks of

Spring and Summer Goods
EVER OPENED IN
CALHOUN.

Great pains have been taken and time spent
in selecting and getting up this Stock,
particularly so in the

Ladies' Department,
which consists of all the latest and most
fashionable styles of

**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRESS GOODS**

in all shades, colors and qualities, together
with **Trimmings** in endless variety; also
BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS,

FLOWERS, FEATHERS,
silk, Grenadine, Pique, Crepe and Shantung;

S H A W L S.
Buff, Checked and Satin Striped

P I Q U E S,
Black and White Alpacas,

Buffalo Brown, Black Swiss and Mohair

A L P A C A S.

Lambs. In this short notice I can only mention a few of the very many in-fahionable styles of Dress Goods now in store, awaiting your scrutiny; some right along, for I do believe

MARTIN'S
is the store to get nice and Cheap Goods.
Gentlemen's Department

and complete—all can be suited from the Plough Boy to the lily, to the fasted and most finished of the village or city.

Cathoum, Tenn., April 12, 1872. M. C. GIBSON.

PIQUES, Furniture, Coffins, Etc., Etc.

Black and Fancy Silk striped Grenadines,

Black and White Alpacas,

Buffalo Brown, Black Swiss and Mohair

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J. A. TURLEY & CO.

COGHILL, TENNESSEE.

ARE RECEIVING THE HANDSOMEST

A and fullest line of

Dress Goods,

to be found, comprising in part Jackets,

Plaid and Plain, Pique, White and

Buff, Poplins, all grades, Grenadines,

Chamby, Japanese Cloth and

Linen in endless variety.

Their large stock of Ladies'

H A T S

they guarantee are unsurpassed, as they were

selected with great care out of more than

forty different styles. They have a

large lot of Ladies'

Lasting Gaiters and Children's Shoes.

The general stock of Men and Boys wear

HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES,

QUEENSWARE,

Scythes, Iron, Nails, Hubs Leather,

Salt, etc., etc.,

are unusually full. They take, as heretofore,

all kinds of Barter for Goods at highest mar-

ket price. Their aim is to go to market in per-

son, and select their Goods with care, and to

sell them as favorable terms as possible.

Coghill, Tenn., May 31, 1872. M. C. GIBSON.

J. M. WILLIAMS,

CANTRELL'S X ROADS.

IS NOW RECEIVING AND

opening out one of the largest and most des-

irable stocks of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

ever brought to the South side of the country.

—

GRAT PAINS HAVE BEEN TAKEN

in selecting Goods to suit the wants of ev-

erybody, especially suits the

Chancery Sales—September.

Moses Bonner, et al., vs. George Graves, et al.

In pursuance of a general order of the

Chancery Court at Athens in this cause, I will

sell to the highest bidder, public or private,

the 1st of September, next, unless they com-

ply for extension of time.

410 Acres of Land.

more or less, lying on the Hiwassee River, in

the 9th civil district, McMinn county, Tenn.

Terms—Said lands will be sold on a credit

of six, twelve and eighteen months, in lar-

ge amounts, to be paid in cash, and security

will be given for same.

J. M. HENDERSON, C. & M.

Aug. 9, 1872. M. C. GIBSON.

John N. Melton, alibi, vs. Susan Melton, et al.

In pursuance of a general order of the

Chancery Court at Athens in this cause, I will

sell to the highest bidder, public or private,

the 1st of September, next, unless they com-

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410 Acres of Land.

more or less, situated in McMinn county, Ten-

nnessee, being the lands of W. J. Green, et al.

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